

The College Cheer

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

VOL XV.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1923

No. 6

ST. JOE BESTS LOYOLA U

Red and Purple Completely Outclass Loyola U Quintet

Once again St. Joe's smooth-running scoring machine was set in motion, this time to the humiliation of Loyola U of Chicago. 36-13 was the score of this triumph of Saturday, January 20. The pass-work of our men, linked with splendid shooting, proved too much for the Loyola crew, who were unable to locate the basket.

St. Joe cinched the game in the first half, running up 23 points while Loyola made two free throws, failing to register a field goal during the entire period. Captain Hoffman played a whirlwind game at Center; he dropped in 17 of the 23 points made in the first half, scoring 13 tallies in succession. Weier and Klen were of valuable aid to him through their snappy passes. And in the meantime Lauer and Hipkind played the greatest guarding game of the season;—the Loyola men had very few shots, and these were hurried so greatly that they failed completely in hitting the net.

Coach Kirk sent in four new men for the second half. Roach, having enjoyed a rest, due to sickness, celebrated his return with lightning floor work and two neat field goals. Until six minutes before the end Loyola had not connected for a field goal, their six points being made on free throws. On a sudden spurt, however, Schlacks and McMahon each tossed one through within fifteen seconds time. McMahon succeeded in raising their total number of field goals to three.

Loyola 13, St. Joseph's 30.
SchlacksL. F. Weier
ConnollyR. F. Klen
KrampsC. Hoffman
DevlinL. G. Hipkind
McNallyR. G. Lauer

Substitutions: Loyola: McMahon for Schlacks, Dee for McNally, Tobin for Dee; for St. Joseph's: Wolfhurst for Lauer, N. Liebert for Klen, T. Liebert for Hoffman, Roach for Weier, Weier for N. Liebert, Klen for Wolfhurst, Hoffman for T. Liebert. Field Goals: McMahon 2, Schlacks; Hoffman 5, Roach 2,

Weier, Klen, Lauer, Wolfhurst. Free throws: Schlacks 1 of 3, Connolly 2 of 6, McMahon 4 of 6; Hoffman 8 of 10. Referee: Harrison.

REV. JOSEPH HENKEL, C.PP.S., LEAVES ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

To Teach at St. Charles Seminary.

Rev. Joseph Kenkel, C. PP. S., Ph.D., who has been teaching at St. Joseph's College since September last, and who has been filling the Chair of Professor of General Literature vacated by Father Meinrad Koester has been transferred by the Very Reverend Provincial to St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio. We regret very much indeed to see Father Kenkel leave St. Joseph's, but we trust that the transfer will be to his own better interests and those who become his charges at the Seminary.

Father Kenkel's classes have all been taken by the various Fathers stationed here for some time past. To fill the vacancy among the different classes Rev. John Cherry, C. PP. S., who was ordained with the class of '22 at St. Charles Seminary last May, has been added. Previous to coming to St. Joseph's Father Cherry was stationed at Sacred Heart Church, Whiting, Ind. as assistant pastor.

CRUSADE RAFFLE A GREAT SUCCESS Newman's Present Farce In Connection With Raffle and Movie. and Movie

The Raffle which was put on at St. Joseph's under the auspices of the C. S. M. C., was brought to a fitting close on Sunday, January 21. That all might see, the lottery was staged with Alphonse Uhrich and Walter Pax acting both as officials and clowns. The manner in which they played their rolls is worthy of commendation; for what might have proved to be a dry affair was made

(Continued on Page eight.)

ST. JOE SUFFERS FIRST DEFEAT

After success had crowned our first four scheduled games our quintet was forced to taste defeat. The Y. M. P. C. team of Lafayette grasped this honor with 25-36 score on January 15. Though a defeat, the loss is anything but a disgraceful one, for the Y. M. P. C.'s appeared with the fastest team seen on our floor this year; and our scrappy tossers are to be commended for their spirit and pluck against a better team.

The fans were treated to two entirely different styles of playing. The first half found both teams playing a strong defensive game, and though we did more shooting the visitors led at Half, 7-5. Clever guarding by Lauer and Liebert held the Y. M. P. C. forwards in check. Hoffman caged the first basket twenty seconds after the start, and after Jamison had evened matters our captain dropped in another.

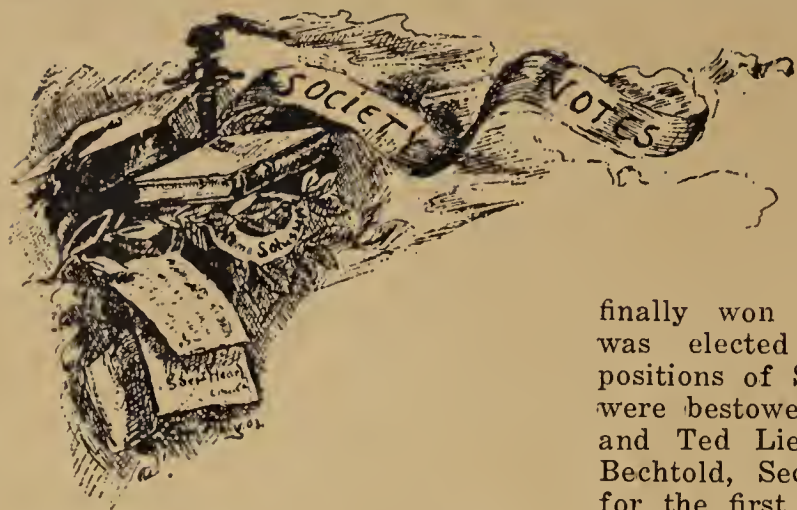
Both quintets launched an offensive attack in the second period. The visitors had everything their own way in the beginning, the flashy forwards Cain and Jamison dropping through ten baskets. With the count 35-11 against us our Five made a gallant effort to overtake the opponents. Hoffman, Wolfhurst and Klen proved a smooth scoring machine against the veteran guards. A 25-36 score shows how valiantly our men fought, but the final whistle checked their rush to another victory.

Y. M. P. C. (36), St. Joseph's (25)
CainL. F. Klen
JamisonR. F. Weier
GoldenC. Hoffman
DienhartL. G. Lauer
ReissR. G. T. Liebert

Substitutions: Y. M. P. C.: Kaiser for Jamison, Buit for Golden; St. Joseph's: Wolfhurst for Weier, Weier for Klen.

Goals: Y. M. P. C.: Cain, 6; Jamison, 5; Golden, 3; St. Joseph's: Hoffman, 5; Wolfhurst, 4; Klen, 2; Free Throws scored: Cain, 8; Hoffman, 2; Lauer. Referee Harrison.

Education is a great thing but you can't whip a taxi driver with it. Crying yourself limp is never as nice as being tickled stiff.



THE TURN IN THE ROAD

C. L. S., To Present another
of Gladys Ruth Bridgham's
Comedies

On the Evening of February twenty-first the C. L. S., will present Gladys Ruth Bridgham's, "The Turn in The Road," a comedy in two acts. The characters are as follows:

Ezra Stong ---- Adam L. Sattler.
Hobart Colfax, captain of the
football team, editor of the
"Colton Monthly," -----
----- Joseph Rolling
Hiram Skinner, a Woodstock
farmer ---Raymond Ostrage.
Daniel Hawkins, from the back-
woods of Maine -Carl Gehrlick.
Theodore Morris, Colton Fresh-
man -----Sebastian Alig.
John Cambell Edwards, Colton
Freshman ---- Leo A. Gattes.
Edwards Campbell, Colton
Fresh-man ---John P. Dieter.
Thomas Toodles, Colton Fresh-
man ----- Walter Wartinger.
Montgomery Donaldson, Colton
Freshman ---Donald D. Collins.

Synopsis

Act. I—Strong's room, Colton University, Woodstock Village.

Act. II—The same—one week later.

Plays one and a half hours.

NEWMANS CONDUCT EN- THUSIASTIC MEETING

Elect Officers for The Ensuing
Session

What is considered by far the most enthusiastic meeting conducted in recent years at St. Joseph's was the one held by the Newman Literary Society, on Sunday evening, January 14. The main business before the assembly was the election of officers for the ensuing session. In an election so spirited that two ballots were necessary to "pick" the man for President, George Rick

finally won out. Francis Buckley was elected Vice-President. The positions of Secretary and Treasure were bestowed upon August Hoefer and Ted Liebert respectively. Joe Bechtold, Secretary of the Society for the first session of the present scholastic year, was elected Critic. The Executive Committee is composed of Edward O'Brien, Francis Buckley, and Charles Boehm. The newly elected Marshal was kept quite busy during the entire meeting, as many found the assembly hall too hot and then too cold. But we are told the man in question, James Smoyer, performed his roll to perfection.

After the election many questions of various natures occupied the Newmans. The spirit displayed at this meeting indicates that they promise to make the second session eclipse in every phase, the activities of the first term.

A cigarette is for the trivial moments of life; a cigar for its fulfilments, its pleasant, comfortable retrospections; but in real distress—in the solving of a question, the fighting difficulty—a pipe is a man's eternal solace.

—Thurston, "The Masquerador."

MISSION NOTES

A Fact or Two

DO YOU KNOW THAT—in Capetown, South Africa which has a population of 175,000-----90,000 European and 85,000 colored people, and which has all modern conveniences and comforts such as railways and motor cars, the Vicariate has but 24 secular and 9 religious priests, and the Catholic population is in the minority in comparison to the total? Catholicity is in its infancy here, and what a field for labor! What a conquest for the missionary considering that the first priests were refused admittance.

Jesuits in Africa

Jesuits in Africa are established in Egypt, Cwango, South Rhodesia, and Cape Colony, North Rhodesia, Tananarivo, Finarantsoa, Mauritius and Reunion-Mission. The provinces of Lyons, Belgium, England, Poland, Champagne, and Toulouse, respectively supply these fields with 330 apostolic laborers made up of 217 Priests, 12 Scholastics and 101 Lay-brothers.

Society of Mary in Africa

The Society of Mary after driven from French Tripoli and Tunis by the government proscription of 1913 has resumed its missionary labors in Spanish Morocco. The College at Tetuan and a new foundation at Alcazarquivir started in 1920, are being operated with marked success.

C. S. M. C. News Service and Mission Digest.

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PARODY ON 'HIAWATHA'

(With apologies to H. W. Longfellow)

In the Confines of Ohio,
In the deep and fertile valleys,
Warren Harding, humble, common,
He, the future ruler, roaming
In those broad vales of Ohio,
Stood erect and called his comrades,
Called his cheerful chums together.
He spied footprints of a creature,
Footprints in the snowy blanket,
That were dim and seldom followed.
"I shall follow free," he told them,
"Follow free where'er they lead me."
Laughing, scorning, mocking Warren,
Straightway did his comrades leave
him,
Leave him all alone to follow.
But our lad discouraged was not,
Was not vexed at his companions,
Firmly fixed was his intention,
Boldly would he trace the foot-
prints.

Warren had seen but ten summers,
Ten years had he left behind him,
When he first the foot-prints
followed.

On and on the traces led him,
Growing dimmer, dimmer always,
Ever veering, ever varying.
Once the traces were confusing,
Once did Warren lose the pathway,
But by laboring hard he found it,
Found again the trail a-winding
O'er the rough and rocky passage.

Twenty years had Warren traced
them,
Traced the foot-prints down the
valley,
All along the arduous journey
Men were lying, conquered, beaten,
Men who tracked the narrow traces,
Till defeat had overcome them.
Few indeed had reached the limit,
Many failed and died forsaken.
Though the path grew dim and
dimmer,
Warren plodded onward, onward,
Never minding petty troubles,
Ne'er despairing nor returning.

And today his journey's ended,
Great success and honor clothe him,
He has followed Lincoln's footsteps,
O'er the hard and rocky journey.
He has marched into the White
House

Into power, honor, glory,
Since he followed dimmest footsteps,
While his chums despaired and idled.
Albin Ratermann, S. Ed.

If you wish you were something
else you can wish you were the
pygmy elephant which eats 510
bananas daily.

Many a man grows sage from
wild oats.

THE ENEMIES OF THE BICYCLE RIDER

Upon first thought, it would seem that I have chosen a dry and worthless topic in "The Enemies of The Bicycle Rider." But just let the patient reader of this sketch picture himself in the crowded sections of any one of our large cities, trying to force his way on a bicycle through the confusion and uproar caused by numberless pedestrians, multitudinous automobiles, and clanging street cars and he will most assuredly change his mind at once. So with this rather brief introduction let us proceed to proclaim to the world all the miseries that are the lot of bicycle riders the world over.

The poor bicyclist can find little or no room for himself no matter where he goes. On the sidewalk he violates a City Ordinance and risks being forced to pay a fine of \$5.00. In the street he is constantly in danger from the more swiftly moving automobiles. Unless he has a light, his machine is worse than useless after nightfall, for then he can see nothing and there is no one able to see him. The traffic officer at the street corner nearly explodes with rage when he sees one of the hated and despised vehicles approaching. Alleys and unfrequented streets are "taboo" as far as a bicycle is concerned, or one must risk having his tire punctured by some impertinent tack to his own great sorrow or discomfiture. Unless he has a repair kit, the presence of such a tack in the wrong place necessitates some splendid, physical exercise in pushing the accursed bicycle home.

But even with all these disadvantages, the city is the only place for a bicycle, as has been ascertained by daring adventurers more than once. As long as he has paved road the rider may expect little difficulty but this is almost offset by the constant menace of speeding automobilist signals, the bicycle rider can pull over to one side, but if not our pedalling hero is dependent entirely upon the mercy of the not too merciful "speed fines."

The average dirt road in the rural districts offers many thrills both welcome and unwelcome. The first example of the enjoyable, thrill is the coasting down hill. But for every hill to coast down there seems to be ten to pedal up. And, furthermore, in coasting one must stay in the rut or crack or there will be evil consequences. (I can vouch for this by personal experiences.) The slightest deviation

from the straight and narrow path means a terrific upset. If the ground is not well packed but rather loose and sandy, the bicycle enthusiast might as well discount at once and prepare to push his iron steed. But the greatest peril is yet to be mentioned.

All that is needed for the presentation of this tragedy is one bicycle and rider, any road and a dog. No matter how peaceful the dog in question may be ordinarily, the moment he spies a weary bicyclist, he at once assumes a warlike spirit and charges the invader of what he considers his own personal and private property. He will leave horses, automobiles, and pedestrians, even threshing outfits, pass in peace just for a chance to place a poor bicycle rider in a perilous position. Obviously the most sensible thing for the rider to do is to pedal as though Elias were after him in his and snapping brute far in the rear fiery chariot and leave the barking to enjoy the dust. It must be remembered, however, that this is pure theory, for the dog usually the same time runs arounds it, all keeps up with the bicycle and at the while barking and charging and snapping as though he were attacking an elephant.

Some dogs can be convinced of their error in mistaking you for an objectionable enemy by a well placed and judicious kick. But here is the danger of losing one's balance by kicking at the wrong angle and it may also cause the dog to renew his snapping tactics more determined than ever.

If it is possible to keep the dog from the spokes of the wheels and from your shins and at the same time keep up a fair rate of speed the dog will eventually tire of his sport as he does not like to go too far from home. But should curiosity overcome the dog and he decides to investigate what makes the wheels go around by sticking his canine nose into the spokes, instantaneous and terrible disaster will at once result. The dog will receive a badly twisted nose while the rider will sustain what in vulgar parlance is termed a "pretty flop," but in which there is nothing pretty nor pleasurable. The bicycle will have some twisted spokes, bent handle-bars and several other major or minor injuries.

It is my fond hope that by persuing this little sketch, the reader will be sufficiently aware of the dangers or riding a bicycle over pavements, sideswalks, alleys, wetroads, country

(Concluded on page eight.)

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Collegeville, Indiana

Collegeville, Ind., January 31, 1923

EDITORIALS

Owing to the fact that our Printer has been greatly handicapped, this issue of the Cheer appears several days late.

SEE IT THRU!

There are days in the life of every student when every thing seems to go wrong,—luck is against him. That is the time to lift your chin and set your shoulders up against that bug-bear and conquer him. Don't let nerve desert you! Think of the future and what ever you do don't be yellow and let this other fellow lead you. Keep yourself in fighting trim and when trouble besets you, remember don't dodge what other men have met and overcome successfully. If you are going to fall, then go down fighting.

See it thru, cost what it may. You will be the better, bigger and broader man in the end. Remember the words of Thoreau, "You cannot dream yourself in a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one." The dreamer never gets anywhere. It is the fellow who is alert and wide awake who will make a mark for himself. He is the man that won't crouch and cower when a little tough luck hits him. Always do the best that you can do. Brace up! Be a man and see it thru!

A MINORITIES' OBJECTIONS

It is a peculiar phenomenon that we may notice in a prism, which, while it is a pure and perfect crystal, is found on examination to contain in their perfection all the various colors of the rainbow. So in a body of students we note a minority of individuals who in their own conceited perfection differ from the majority. It is quite natural for youth in the full spring blossom of his hopes to gloat over some seeming achievement and it

is perhaps a strange characteristic of those who have advanced well into the summer of studies and school activities to pass over lightly and unintentionally anything that their budding successors may have accomplished.

In this article it is not our intent to apologize to any individuals for any misconception that may have arisen. We feel that our appreciation of any activity has been as impartial as was possible. It is enough to excite the indignation of any person to hear that he has been prejudiced or partial toward certain collected individuals, when, as a matter of fact, they have been dealt with more favourably than others who would seemingly demand more space and attention in a paper of this kind.

It is a pleasure for us to render praise and encouragement where it is due. Justice and fairness have always guided us in passing comment of any kind, for we still believe in those words of Dickens that, "It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what might have borne, if they had flourished."

"THE AGREEABLE MAN"

It has been said that, the thoroughly agreeable man is generally a weak one, lacking much in principle and willpower, easily led, bent, and broken. But here's to this type of man compared with the "stone faced," "hard-boiled," "knock-out" specimen! But who constitute this latter class? In short all those who deem themselves superior to their fellow-men, and who endeavor to show their superiority upon every turn, and especially those who act thus and may be invested with some authority. Again those who desire everyone to get off the earth for them on the one hand, and on the other by their actions ask their neighbor to put his feelings into his pockets.

Someone has remarked that ingratitude has driven more men to hell than all the crimes contained in the index of Satan's plots. And it is chiefly thru ingratitude that our "hard-boiled" friend makes himself conspicuous. When he asks someone to do something for him, he thinks he is bestowing a favor upon them. And then, when it isn't done just to satisfy him, he is sure to tell them about it. Always complaining of how much he has to do, looking for sympathy on all sides, he heaps ingratitude upon his own innocent victims. Thus in course of time he, in addition to the appellations already mentioned, becomes a "fanatic crab."

"Crab" take pleasure in showing his authority. Approach him as enthusiastically as you will, address him as politely as you know how,

Especially in public does the greet him with all the eagerness you are capable---it makes no difference, he's bound to give you either the cold shoulder, or a sneery reply. He seems to take delight in making the other fellow "feel cheap."

"Pink salve" and "soft soap" are relished by the type of character under discussion. Fail to feed it to him — and he's "got it in" for later he'll "get even." He may wait till the eleventh hour and throw you out of the banquet hall, or in some other way embarrass you to the best of his ability. Beware of the crab!!

And how does such a person effect his associates? He embitters life for those who must come in contact with him, squashes the ambition in lives zealous for work, he sows seeds of a noxious weed of which he himself is a fitting example, encircles a noble heart with briars, and, far worse than this, he is causing a human heart to bleed. Give me the man that draws blood with the dagger, (I can forgive him), but string up the inhuman being that spills blood by coldness, by unkindness, by the scoffing, sneering word.

Be a true sportsman! Smile even though it may hurt you; any old dumbbell can be a grouch. Above all, in all you do and say put yourself in the other fellow's place. Be charitable!! For, remember—"you never can tell when you send a word, just where it will chance to go.—you never can tell when you do an act, just what the results will be.—You never can tell what your thoughts will do—for thoughts are things." Remember, remember for your own sake—whate'er you do, or say, or think, sooner or later comes back to you.

TREADOR TROUSERS

Oh, Agnes! bring my compact. Oh, yes, and my treador trousers. Well, it's come to that, fellows, next thing we'll—well, anyhow this is bad enough. You know a prominent government official once said, "Congress can't pass a law preventing men making fools of themselves." And some are certainly taking advantage of this state of affairs.

Oh well what's the use of criticising though? If a man wants to come to school dressed like a Mexican horse thief's that's his business isn't it. But leave the compacts at home—the soap's not used up yet.

—Exchange.

Pluck and luck look alike because they go around together.

AIN'T WE GOT FUN?

What should a man do but be merry?—Hamlet.

"If you are so certain of the details of the case," said the accused man, "why don't you call your fellow-policeman to corroborate you?"

"There's only one officer in the village," said the policeman.

"But I saw two last night," said the indignant prisoner.

"That's just the charge against you," retorted the policeman with a smile.

"That last little thing of yours was charming," said the gushing hostess. "I loved its wild abandon. Was it your own composition?"

"No (madam," scowled the lion of the evening. "I was putting a new string on my violin."

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a man to a young college friend who was more addicted to sport than study; "you really ought to learn to write better."

"Yes," returned the young man; "it's all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

The Boaster: "We had not been hunting long when there lay a tiger at my feet."

Cynical Friend: "What had he died of?"

She—And when we're married, dear, we will have a home near mother so she can drop in often.

He—You bet. We'll rent one down by the river.

A young attorney had been talking for about four hours to a jury who, when he had finished, felt like lynching him.

His opponent, a grizzled old professional, then arose and, looking sweetly at the judge said:

"My lord, I will follow the example of my young friend who has just finished, and submit the case without argument."

"What are you going to do about it, sir?" demanded the irate tenant of his landlord. "The walls of my house are all bulging outward."

"Bulging outward are they?" returned the landlord. "Then that makes the house bigger. I must raise your rent."

Contributor: "I hope you are carrying out these ideas I told you about?"

Editor: "Did you meet the office-boy with the wastepaper basket?"

Contributor: "Yes."

Editor: "Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

E. F. Duvall, D.D.S.

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SERIOUS AND OTHERWISE

What is the simplest way of making an eggless cake?
Don't put any in.

Quote the unanswerable question.
"What would we do without boys?"

How did the first Indian come to the United States?

It has been practically proved by students of the subject that the American Indians came from Asia, probably across the Bering strait and through accident. Boats are known to have been blown across this strait since the settlement of America.

Did Roosevelt when President in any message or official action suggest removal of motto, "In God We Trust" from our coins?

When he was President there was a plan of that sort adopted by Treasury authorities, no doubt with his sanction. The artists who made the designs objected to the words, not on any religious grounds but because they thought they detracted from simplicity and beauty of coins. The suggestion met such popular disapproval that it was soon rejected.

What fruits grows on electric wires?

Currants, (Currents).

What is the value of a pound of gold?

A pound of gold is worth \$248.08.

How can you change butter into an Irish child?

Make it into little Pats.

What species of silver contains no silver.

The so called "German silver" contains no silver.

How many times has Jerusalem been conquered? When and by whom?

Jerusalem has changed hands many times between warring nations, since it became famous and important as the "city of David." It was first pillaged by Shishak, king of Egypt, 973 B. C.; afterwards it was captured successively by Joash, king of Israel, date not known; Nebuchadnezzar, 588 B. C.; Ptolemy Lagos, 320 B. C.; Antiochus Epiphanes, 161 B. C.; Pompey, 63 B. C.; Chosroes II, king of Persia, 614 A. D.; Heraclius, 628; Calif Omar, 637; Turks, 1077; Crusaders, 1099; Saladin, 1187; Sultan of Damascus, 1239; the Mamelukes, 1382; Sultan Selim, 1517; English, 1917.

Is South America considered an island?

No, it is considered a continent. It is, of course, "a body of land surrounded by water," but so are Africa, North America and Eurasia. The continents, as a matter of fact, are merely big islands—too big to be called islands.

Give date of the first labor organization in the United States. By whom was it organized?

The first labor union in the United States was formed by tailors in 1803.

What is the only regret the American troops have of leaving the Rhine?

The fact that they must leave the stein.

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RED AND PURPLE**RETURN GAWE**

Playing on a foreign floor for the first time of the season, our squad handed the Hammond All-Saints a second lacing, this time to the tune of 24-13. This game marked the first real fight of the season; our men were forced to do their utmost to annex this victory. Hammond had the edge on us for the first few minutes, but, after we became acquainted with the floor, we were off to another win. At half we led, 9-4.

The second half showed much better passwork, St. Joe outclassing the enemy in speed. Every one of our men played a fast, clever game, with Weier and Hoffman leading.

Hammond (13) St. Joseph's (24)
Schaeffer ----L. F.---- Wolfhurst
Beatty -----R. F.----- Lauer
Chaulder -----C.----- Hoffman
Leeney -----L. D.----- T. Liebert
Doolin -----R. G.----- Hipkind

Substitutions: Hammond: Kalina for Beatty, Eberle for Leeney; for St. Joseph's: Weier for Wolfhurst, N. Liebert for Lauer, Klen for Hipkind. Goals: Hammond: Leeney, 2; Beatty, Chaulder, Doolin; For St. Joseph's: Weier, 3; Hoffman, 3; T. Liebert, 2; Lauer, Klen, Wolfhurst. Free Throws scored: Hammond; Kalina, 2; Eberle; St. Joseph's: Hoffman, 2. Referee: McShane.

St. Cyril Club, 16; St. Joseph's, 55.

Our classy tossers received fine practice besides fattening their goal records at the expense of the Whiting St. Cyril Club on the eve of January 13. Considered as a game, the score reveals all. The Whiting Five, out classed in every respect, tendered the crowd the poorest exhibition of the season.

Before Whiting had caged their field goal the Red and Purple machine had tucked away 25 points, and the half found the score 29-5. The first moments of play promised a real struggle, with both teams playing a guarding game, but St. Joe began after three minutes and never stopped until final whistle.

The speed with which our men passed that old ball around amazed all. They had the ball practically all the time; they had the Whiting screw completely paralyzed. Our flashy forwards Weier and Wolfhurst were accountable for twelve field goals.

Young -----L. F.----- Weier
Semaneik ----R. F.----- Klen
Peterson -----C.----- Hoffman
Walsko -----L. G.----- Lauer
Felson -----R. G.----- T. Liebert

Substitutions: St. Joseph's: Wolfhurst for Weier, N. Liebert for Lauer, Hipkind for Hoffman, Weier for N. Liebert, Lauer for Hipkind. Goals: Whiting: Semaneik, 3; Peterson, 2; Felson, Young; St. Joseph's: Free Throws scored: Whiting: Semaneik, Walsko; St. Joseph's Hoffman, 3. Referee: Mason (Purdue).

Willie—Mother, I just made a bet.

Mother—You naughty boy! What made you do it?

Willie—I bet my cap against a button that you'd give me a nickel to buy some candy with. You don't want me to lose my cap do you?

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Candies.

CRUSADE RAFFLE A GREAT SUCESS

(Continued from Page one.)

a part of a pleasant evening's entertainment. The fact that all twenty of the prizes were donated added much to the raffle, financially and otherwise.

In connection with the program the Newman Literary Society presented a one act farce, with the following members participating; Richard Meyers, James Calpin, Henry Estadt, Malcolm DeShone and Robert Lang. This number is worthy of praise from the following points of view in particular: the different characters were not only audible throughout but likewise kept the farce moving. In other words plenty of "pep" and spirit was displayed. Between acts Raymond Dirrig rendered several humorous vocal selections which proved, too, that he is capable of "bringing the house down."

Again, The Princess Theatre proved a mighty factor in the general success of the evening's performance. "The Self-Made Man" a comedy in five acts was not only screened through the courtesy of this concern but was DONATED to the C. S. M. C. Comedy, an undying source for laughter and tears play-

ed its part well on this occasion. The house was in one continual uproar—uproar of the proper spirit. The CHEER in behalf of the CRUSADE takes this opportunity in expressing their appreciation to the managment of The Princess Theatre.

ENEMIES OF THE BICYCLE RIDER

(Continued on page three.)

roads, unpaved streets, and also dogs, automobiles, curbs, fences, rocks junk piles, brick walls, and ditches. May the adventurous bicycle rider henceforth be acknowledged as an unsung hero, especially he who has gone through the many dangers described here. All that is required of such a hero is stupendous endurance, nerves of iron, muscles of steel, eyes like those of a hawk, a most precise an delicate sense of balance, and courage in superabundant quantities.

Isidore Paulus, '24

Weep and the world weeps with you, laugh and the world thinks you've got something on your hip.

A fellow from Youngstown wants to know the scientific name for snoring. Sheet music, John.

LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU!

"And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arab,
And as silently steal away."

Bastin (at Lab): "Say, the gas is leaking from this tank."

Busy Instructor: "And you come to me about it? Get some putty and plug it. Use your head, boy, use your head."

Director—To-night you will play the part of a duke.

Fate—Then you must give me 20 cents for a shave.

Director—On second thought you will play the part of a Bolshevik.

Prof.—What does the Darwin Theory say?

Sirovy—Darwin says that our ancestors came from monkeys, but my mamma told me that mine came from yonder the Rocky Mountains.

Visitor at the Pump.—Is this cup sanitary?

Moody—Must be, everybody uses it.

Nurse—"Let, me feel your pulse.

Arnoldi—"I don't have any, the doctor took it yesterday."

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